

# THE AMADOR LEDGER.

Established November 1, 1855

JACKSON, AMADOR COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1901.

Five Cents Per Copy.

## STORM IN THE SUMMER.

Storm in the summer's night funny thing,  
Like a woman's temper when it takes a swing;  
Comes of a sudden, and you don't know why;  
You start in guessing, and it's all gone by;  
Swell and sweep, and it's in full blast;  
You catch your breath, and it's down clear past;  
Thunder and lightning and sulphur in the air,  
And the very next minute the sun shines fair!

And it's just the way that the truth is shown  
How sweet Dame Nature is a woman known;  
She loves to have her through a mighty long  
true;  
But it breaks for keeps when it does break loose!  
She comes like a tyrant and makes things worse;

It's hard to believe that it's kingdom come,

And all of a sudden there's mercy in her eye,

And she laughs and dimples, and the storm's gone

by!

—Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

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## Old Parker's Ghost.

By M. Quad.

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That I really and truly saw a ghost on a certain occasion is a matter of legal record, and I believe it is the only ghost ever legally known to a community.

I was a boy of 11 when the family emigrated from Ohio to Michigan and settled in a town of 1,500 people. There had just died a citizen named John Parker, who was always referred to as old Parker. He was one of the pioneers of the town, and his eccentricities had greatly retarded its growth. No one ever learned where he came from or anything about his private life. He came alone, lived alone and died alone. He was a queer looking old man, stoop shouldered, of shambling gait, and there were days when he refused to speak to any one. He bought 200 town lots and then refused to sell or lease. He built a saw-



IT WAS THE LITTLE OLD MAN.

mill, and the first lumber turned out was wanted for the erection of a church. Because the old man was asked to make a discount in price in favor of the Lord, as it were, he shut down the mill, boarded up doors and windows, and the saws never turned again. He bought two stores and five or six houses and shut them up, and he bought every improvement for the benefit of the town. On the other hand, he lent men money at a low rate of interest to make improvements, encouraged people to settle there and built the first schoolhouse entirely at his own expense.

While owning five or six comfortable houses, which were empty, old Parker lived alone in a miserable shanty and cooked and washed and mended for himself. No one was ever permitted to enter his house, and he never entered the home of any one else.

There were a few men with whom he would converse, but he did not give them his confidence. There was no mourning in Red Oak when it became known one morning that old Parker had been found dead in his shanty. The feeling was rather one of relief and congratulation. It was soon ascertained that his affairs were in a mudhole. He had left no will, and the papers in the hands of his lawyers did not represent the half of his possessions. It was hardly a fortnight before a brother and sister turned up, each claiming the estate, and through them it was learned that the old man must have been possessed of at least \$50,000 in gold when he died. Of this sum only about \$200 could be found. The town was turned upside down over the affair, and it had got into court when we moved into the village. That was in midwinter. As a boy, I could not understand or interest myself in the legal complications of the case, but the fact that old Parker had hidden a big lot of gold somewhere appealed to me very strongly. The sawmill and all his houses were searched, but no trace could be found. It was generally believed that he had buried it, but until the snow melted no effort could be made to find the cache.

On the 14th day of March, with six inches of snow still on the ground, I went with my father into the woods after a load of wood. We had a yoke of oxen and a sled, and when the first load was heaped up my father drove off with it and left me behind to cut down a dead asp and clear a road around a bit of a swamp.

After he was out of sight I sat down on a log to watch a rabbit hopping about. I may have spent five minutes watching the animal when a slight noise at my right startled me, and I looked around to find old John Parker sitting within ten feet of me. He had been described so often that there could be no mistake. It was the little old man with the stoop shoulders, the long hair, the seedy garments, the cat's-cap he wore every day in the year. He had a dry hacking cough; he had bushy gray eyebrows; he had missing teeth. He sat there and rubbed his skinny hands together and looked at the ground at his feet, and I took in every detail as clearly as you see this print before you.

Was I frightened? Strangely enough, I was not. Perhaps this was because I had never seen the old man when living. He looked so real before me that I never thought of spooks or ghosts. I simply believed that his dying had been a mistake—that he had gone away instead of dying. I was no more in fear of him than of the trees about me. I wondered a bit how he could have approached me so closely

without my having heard him, for the snow had a frosty crust to it, but there he was, and it was not long before I said to him:

"Did you come out here to see my father?"

Old John did not look about, though he continued to rub his hands. I repeated the question in a louder voice, but the result was the same. I looked to see if he had an ax or a gun, but nothing was in sight. So far as I could tell, he had not yet seen me, and, feeling a bit embarrassed over the situation, I rose up and moved over to make my presence known. I had started to repeat my question, and my eyes were full on him, when he dissolved. He faded out of my eyes as a wet finger mark fades from a school slate, and I found myself looking at a snow-covered log. I looked for his tracks, but there was none. I looked for the spot where he had sat, but the snow had not been disturbed in the slightest. I did not have a fit of the shivers and ran away. It was a sunshiny day, and I thought the glare on the snow had in some way played a trick. I had the tree down and the road cleared when father returned, and when I told him of my strange visitor I expected to be laughed at. Indeed, I laughed as I told it, but father didn't. He began to question me very closely, and by the time he had loaded the sled I could see that he took the matter seriously. When we were ready to go, he asked me to point out the exact spot where old John had sat. This was easy enough to know, as my own tracks were there in the snow. The snow on the log was piled up and frozen hard, but father soon cleared it off with the ax. Then he pounded on the log, found it hollow and cut into it. He had hardly struck 20 blows when there came a sound to show that the ax had struck something besides wood, and five minutes later we had old Parker's missing gold out of the hollow log. It was in two tin boxes, and there were many papers with it to clear up the mystery of his life and assist the heirs in settling up the estate. They were generous to me in settlement, and it was part of the legal records of the county that I saw a ghost at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of a bright day and recovered the treasure because of it.

Nature is Kind in California.

The New England farmer must fortify himself in his stronghold against the seasons. He must be ready to adapt himself to a year that permits him to prosper only upon decidedly hard terms, says The International Monthly.

But the Californian in the country has during the drought more leisure unless, indeed, his ambition for wealth too much engrosses him. His horses are plenty and cheap. His fruit crops thrive easily. He is able to supply his table with fewer purchases with less commercial independence.

His position is therefore less that of the knight in his castle and more that of the free dweller in the summer cottage, who is, indeed, not at leisure, but can easily determine how he shall be busy. It is of little importance to him who his next neighbor is. At pleasure he can ride or drive to find his friends, can choose, like the southern planter of former days, his own range of hospitality; can devote himself, if a man of cultivation, to reading during a good many hours at his own choice or, if a man of sport, can find during a great part of the year easy opportunities for hunting or for camping both by himself and for the young people of his family.

In the dry season he knows beforehand what engagements can be made without regard to the state of the weather, since the state of the weather is predetermined.

Americans in England.

Whatever may be the points of contrast between us, there is no doubt that Americans in ever increasing numbers are settling in England. It is remarkable how many have made permanent homes in London. They like to live there.

When an American has made a fortune, he finds it almost impossible to live quietly in his own country. There is something in the very atmosphere of the United States that makes people wish to burn the candle at both ends.

Over here they may subdue the incandescence to the veriest glimmer. But chief among the attractions that this country has for Americans is that they can escape the newspapers. Here wealthy persons can spend their money as freely as they wish, and they still remain private persons.

These are some of the reasons why the American colony in the British metropolis grows every year. But there is a more subtle reason. Americans love to come here. The writer has talked to very many Americans, and almost all of them admit that in coming to England they are coming to a place for which they have a great respect and love, where they expect to find everything finished and orderly and quiet. —London Telegraph.

Too Refined.

"No," said Farmer Meddergrass, "that Hooton fellow that comes here for England some years ago, he was the object of much concern to his fellow passengers on board the liner from Cape Town, many of whom were consumed with curiosity when they noticed his absence from the dinner table for the first four days out."

On inquiry they found that the careful Transvaaler spent the dinner hour on deck, where he ate bilthong and biscuits. When asked his reason, he testily replied, "I have no money to tool away on expensive eating, like you English."

The correspondent who tells the story and who was on board at the time adds, "You should have seen the old man trying to make up for lost time when it was explained to him that his passage money included his meals on board."

A Skeleton In Every Closet.

The expression "There is a skeleton in every closet" is said to have its origin in the fact that a soldier once wrote to his mother, who complained of her unhappiness, to have some sewing done for him by some one who had no care or troubles. At last the mother found a woman who seemed to have no troubles, but when she told her business the woman took her to a closet containing a skeleton and said: "Madam, I try to keep my troubles to myself, but every night I am compelled by my husband to kiss this skeleton, who was once his rival. Think you, then, can I be happy?"

His Diagnosis.

Teacher—Suppose you had one pound of candy and gave two-thirds to your little sister and one-fourth to your little brother, what would you have your self?

Scholar—Well, I guess I'd have the measles or something so's I wouldn't feel much like eating—Puck.

Boarding House Humor.

Landy (threateningly)—I'll give you piece of my mind one if these days if you're not careful.

Boarer—I guess I can stand it if it isn't any bigger than the piece of pie you gave me.—Detroit Free Press.

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That is all.

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(COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.)

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS BY

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P. BUFFINGTON : : : Editor and Manager

FRIDAY..... JANUARY 25, 1901

## QUEEN VICTORIA DEAD.

THE most influential sovereign of the world is dead, and her son, Albert Edward, reigns in her stead as King Edward VII. A long and glorious reign has been brought to a close by the ruthless hand of death, the longest and most glorious reign in English history. Queen Victoria was a good woman and wise ruler. Her reign was longer, brighter and better than that of any other sovereign who has occupied the English throne. George III, her grandfather, reigned a long time and well, but his reign, although excellent, does not compare with hers. The Victorian era has earned and will have a distinctive niche in history for reforms produced.

"The most important measures of the reign have been the abolition of the corn laws, the introduction of cheap postage, removal of the political disabilities of the Jews, extension of the suffrage, development of a system of national education, abolition of abuses in the army and in the navy and a revision of the Irish land laws." By virtue of an act of Parliament of 1876, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India the following year. Two years later the Conservatives were defeated and Gladstone again became the head of the Ministry. In 1885 the Conservatives came into power and Salisbury was made Premier "but in the same year retired before a Liberal victory, and Gladstone resumed the office of first Minister, holding until 1886, during which time the greater part of his energies were devoted to the Irish question, but the attempt to push through the home rule bill defeated him, and Lord Salisbury came again to the first portfolio, which he held until 1892, when on an appeal to the country, the Liberals were returned and the Queen recalled Mr. Gladstone to the head of the Cabinet, where he presided until early in 1894, when he retired before Lord Rosebery, whose administration was very brief, for in 1895 Salisbury was recalled and formed the Unionist Cabinet, and he still retains his high office. The chief events in the history of the English nation during his chiefship of the Ministry are too fresh in public memory to justify recital in so brief a review as this."

Queen Victoria was the mother of nine children—Victoria, born 1840; Albert Edward, heir apparent and now King of Great Britain and Ireland, born 1841; Alice, born 1843, died 1878; Alfred, born 1844; Helena, born 1846; Louise, born 1848; Arthur, born 1850; Leopold, born 1853, and died 1884; Beatrice, born 1857. Princess Victoria, the eldest child, became the wife of the Crown Prince of Prussia, Frederick William, and is the mother of the present Emperor of Germany. Albert, Prince of Wales, now King, married in 1863 Princess Alexandria of Denmark, and their eldest son, Albert Victor, born 1864, is now heir apparent to the crown of England."

Princess Alice, who died in 1878, was married in 1862 to Louis IV., Grand Duke of Hesse. Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, married in 1874 Grand Duchess Maria, sister of the then Emperor of Russia. Princess Helena was married in 1866 to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Princess Louise is the wife of Marquis of Lorne. Prince Arthur created Duke of Connaught, in 1879 married Princess Louise of Prussia. Prince Leopold, created Duke of Albany, in 1882 married Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont. Princess Beatrice married in 1895 Prince Henry of Battenberg."

THE Legislative Committee on Revision of Laws has rejected the reform proposed by the Code Commission relative to the selection of trial jurors by Judges. The Joint Legislative Committee on Revision and Reform of Laws holds nightly sessions and is making steady progress with the work. So far the work has been confined to the Code of Civil Procedure. The matter of selecting jurors will no doubt be debated when the Code bills come from the Committee, whose verdict is by no means final. On the suggestion of Assemblyman Fred L. Stewart, of this county, the Joint Committee adopted a new requirement regarding jury service. There is now no limit of age for trial jurors, and the Stewart amendment fixes 65 years as the maximum, thus relieving all persons from service as jurors who are over that age.

No sovereign has ever come to his or her last hours for whom the civilized world has expressed so much of genuine sympathy as that noted in the case of Victoria of England. Her people will be largely consoled by the reflection that the Queen of England was honored and respected or beloved in all parts of the world because of her personal virtues, the dignity, character and cleanliness she has given to her court, and the broad and liberal sentiment and the tolerant spirit of her reign.—Record-Union.

REFERENCE is made elsewhere in this issue to the Pan-American Exposition, which is building at Buffalo, N. Y., at a cost of \$10,000,000. The Pacific coast will undoubtedly be well represented at the Exposition, both in the way of exhibits and numerically. Thousands of well-to-do Californians have not yet paid the Atlantic coast a visit, and will take advantage of the low rate of fare to do so. The Exposition is one that should attract people from all parts of the country. The Exposition, as its name implies, will pertain to both North and South America, and a visit to it will be almost equal, in point of acquiring reliable information, to extensive travel in both countries. It will be the first great public event of the twentieth century, and in a number of important particulars it will surpass all former enterprises of the kind. The United States' building and the arrangement and care of exhibits will cost half a million dollars. In the Indian Congress to be held at the Exposition the coming summer, there will be representatives of forty-two different tribes, and life on the Plains in stirring times of the past will be faithfully reproduced. Without question a visit to the Pan-American Exposition will well repay the time and money required to make it.

IN our county affairs as well as in individual and corporate matters there is always the danger of being "penny wise and pound foolish." That there are many improvements which will cost money that should be immediately made by our county authorities there is no doubt, and that in the long run such expenditure now will result in a large saving to the taxpayers of the county, there is also no doubt. The LEDGER does not purpose to specify with regard to the needed repairs at this time, but desires to impress upon our authorities the importance and necessity of investigating in certain quarters and ascertain the extent of the needed repairs and the probable cost of making them, before the property becomes so thoroughly a wreck that repairing will be out of the question. It is a very poor sort of economy that allows valuable property to decay and become practically useless for the want of a little timely attention and the expenditure of a few dollars. "A stitch in time saves nine," and a dollar's worth of repairing when first needed is worth forty dollars in patching when it is too late to judiciously repair.

AN Amazon named Mrs. Carrie Nation, aided by other members of the W. C. T. U., recently demolished a number of the leading saloons in Wichita, (Kan.) doing damage which runs into the thousands. The ladies were arrested but the chief of police discharged them. Mrs. Nation then began a street lecture to an immense crowd said to have numbered upward of 5000 persons. After the lecture the speaker repaired to the railway station. While in the act of buying a ticket the Sheriff of the county laid his hand lightly upon her shoulder and said: "You are my prisoner." The infuriated woman turned upon him like a tigress, slapped his face, pulled his ears and shook him until his teeth rattled and his collar button flew out. She was finally placed in one of the steel tanks of the jail. Those who aided in the destruction of saloon fixtures were also arrested. Later all were bailed out, and Mrs. Nation went to an adjoining town and smashed the leading saloon there into smithereens.

PROBABLY within two or three years telephonic communications will have been established between Europe and America. President McKinley can then converse with our ministers in foreign lands by word of mouth if he chooses to do so, and our English cousins can hold "delightful converse" with relatives and friends on this side of the water. Commerce will also derive great benefit in a thousand ways. In the meantime, the problem of the successful navigation of the air will have been solved, and while the voice of man will speed on the wings of lightning to the uttermost parts of the earth, the body of man will be flying like a bird, hither and yon, through the atmosphere surrounding our planet. But this is not all; Tesla, the famous, will, perhaps, carry out his great scheme of communicating with Mars and present to the world marvelous manifestations from those who are supposed to people that planet. Verily, the twentieth century will be big with wonderful and amazing achievements.

WHILE it is a fact that our mining interests are more or less hampered, and that litigation has virtually closed one of our best producers and threatens another, yet there is much activity among miners and mine owners in Amador County. Extensive prospect work is being done between Jackson and the Mokelumne river, the Kennedy Mining Company is engaged in costly development work, the Bellwether is to be developed, and, if statements already published are to be relied upon, the Jackson Consolidated, or so-called north extension of the Zeile mine, is also to be developed without delay. There is also talk of renewed activity in the Plymouth district, and at Volcano and Defender mining interests appear very encouraging. The Fremont Consolidated and Bunker Hill properties are being developed as rapidly as possible, and, all things considered, the mining interests of Amador county are fairly encouraging.

EDWARD SEVENTH was proclaimed King of Great Britain and Emperor of India in St. James' Palace at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, Jan. 23, 1901. The new King made a very brief speech before the Privy Council on his accession to the throne. Among other things he said: "In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and, so long as there is breath in my body, to work for the good and amelioration of my people. I have resolved to be known by the name of Edward, which has been borne by six of my ancestors."

## For Sale.

The handsome and commodious 10 or 12-room, 2-story residence, known as the Dr. Mushet's place. One of the finest locations, and biggest bargains in Jackson. All modern improvements, sightly location, fine grounds. Apply to H. J. Deacon, Sutter Creek, Cal., or to James Mushet, Jackson. d28-1m

## Many a Lover

Has turned with disgust from an otherwise girl with an offensive breath. Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the breath by its action on the bowels, etc., as nothing else will. Sold for years on absolute guarantee. Price 25¢ and 50¢. For sale by A. Goldner, the Druggist.

## The Finest Building Lots.

Remember that W. P. Peek has the finest building lots for sale in Jackson. Terms easy. See display advertisement in this paper. 3-2-tf

## Sick Headaches,

The curse of overworked womankind, are quickly and surely cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea, the great blood-purifier and tissue-builder. Money refund if not satisfactory. Price, 25¢ and 50¢. For sale by A. Goldner, the Druggist.

Regular shipments of olives are arriving at Caminiti's Central Market, dec. 14-tf

## BORN.

FELLMETH—In Jackson, January 18, 1901, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fellmeth, a son.

NEWMAN—In Jackson, January 20, 1901, to Mr. and Mrs. M. Newman, a son.

## DIED.

MELLO—Ne—Jackson Gate, on or about Jan. 23, 1901, Mrs. Rose Mello, aged about 78 years. Found dead in her cabin.

## Annual Meeting.

THE REGULAR ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMADOR COUNTY MINERS' ASSOCIATION, the Quary of Amador County will be held at the office of the company, Room 12, Montgomery Block, 628-630 Commercial street, San Francisco, on MONDAY, Jan. 28, 1901, at 2 p.m., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

C. DONDERO, Secretary.

Office—Montgomery Block, San Francisco, California.

## Notice to Creditors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED, Wm. Tam, Maria Tam, executors of the estate of Orsini Tam, deceased, to the creditors of the deceased to meet with them, with the necessary witnesses, within four months after the first publication of this notice to be held at the law office of John F. Davis, Atty. for Executors, 101 Main street, Jackson, Amador County, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said county of Amador.

Dated, January 1, 1901. WM. TAM, Maria Tam, executors of the estate of Orsini Tam, deceased.

JOHN F. DAVIS, Atty. for Executors, Jan. 11-51.

## Stockholders' Annual Meeting.

Office of the PEERLESS GOLD MINE DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.

To the Stockholders of the Peerless Gold Mine Development Company:

P LEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PEERLESS GOLD MINE DEVELOPMENT COMPANY WILL BE HELD AT THE OFFICE OF THE COMPANY IN THE BROWN BUILDING, 12 COURT STREET IN JACKSON, AMADOR COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, ON MONDAY, FEBRUARY, 1901, AT 2 O'CLOCK P.M. FOR THE PURPOSE OF ELECTING DIRECTORS, AND FOR THE TRANSACTION OF SUCH OTHER BUSINESS AS MAY PROPERLY COME BEFORE THE MEETING.

By order of the Board of Directors,

GEORGE W. BROWN, Secretary.

Dated Jan. 7, 1901. janis-2t

JACKSON REPUBLICAN CLUB.

DR. C. HERRICK..... President  
J. C. FRANKE..... Vice  
F. G. TAYLOR..... Vice  
WEBSTER SMITH..... Vice  
JAMES E. DYE..... Secretary  
J. H. LANGHORST..... Treasurer

STATE MEETING THE SECOND MONDAY EVENING OF EACH MONTH, AT 8 O'CLOCK P.M. ALL REPUTABLE MEN IN JACKSON AND VICINITY CORDEDLY INVITED TO ATTEND AND SIGN THE ROLL OF MEMBERSHIP. MEMBERSHIP FREE. ALL FUNDS RAISED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, SACRAMENTO, CAL., NOVEMBER 28, 1900.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE G. B. Ratio, of San Francisco, Cal., has this day filed application for a mineral patent, for fourteen hundred and ninety-seven and fifty-fourths square rods, or 1497.81 acres, in the state of California, in the name of G. B. Ratio, of San Francisco, Cal., in the office of the Surveyor General, Sacramento, Calif., on February 1, 1901, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of electing Directors, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors,

GEORGE W. BROWN, Secretary.

DATED JAN. 7, 1901. janis-2t

APPLICATION FOR MINERAL PATENT

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, SACRAMENTO, CAL., DECEMBER 21, 1900.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE S. W. Steele, of San Francisco, Cal., has this day filed application for a mineral patent for Fourteen hundred and ninety-eight and eighty-six thousandths square rods, or 1498.86 acres, in the state of California, in the name of S. W. Steele, of San Francisco, Cal., in the office of the Surveyor General, Sacramento, Calif., on December 19, 1900, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of electing Directors, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors,

GEORGE W. BROWN, Secretary.

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## WHEN IT WAS INCORPORATED

The Men of Affairs in the Early Fifties.

## JACKSON WAS ONCE A FULL FLEDGED CITY

Men Who Lived Here When Jackson Was In Its Infancy.—Askey as a Story-Teller.

(BY WILL A. NEWCUM.)

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

E. H. Williams was elected town assessor. He had a carpentry shop on the lot now occupied by the Garbarini Bros. blacksmith shop, and was the builder of the American house which stood on the lots now occupied by C. C. Giococchio as a residence and by the Oneto cottages, on Water street. All trace of his movement in later days is lost.

E. C. Webster was elected town marshal. He left Jackson with Charles Boynton and with him established a newspaper in an Illinois town. No memory of him seems to remain with the older settlers further than that.

Joseph Winn, a defeated candidate for town marshal, was constable of the township and while here followed that class of business.

Later he was elected town marshal. At an early day he left here and returned to his old home in the States.

B. B. Reithhead was also a defeated candidate for marshal at that election.

He was elected sheriff of the county in 1863 but died in office from the effects of a wound received in an election day riot at Fiddleton. His widow married Mr. Bliss, a prominent citizen of Forest Home.

Charles Boynton, the clerk of the board of trustees, claimed at their first meeting, held the same year, that in some time in 1854 he had organized the office.

Boynton took a decisive stand on all public questions, and was the chief mover in the matter of getting the county seat for Jackson and that of getting the county of Amador set off from Calaveras territory. When Calaveras county had its county seat at Double Springs, at that time a stopping place on the Stockton road between what are now San Andreas and Valley Springs, Boynton was one of two men who went there and purloined the arches.

County Clerk, he brought them to Jackson and deposited them in a shake shanty built for the purpose. He was a man of much energy and ability. In 1853 and 1854 he occasionally published a small paper called the "Owl" filled with wit and wisdom for the pioneers.

For a time he walked to Mokelumne Hill to have it printed and carried the entire edition back with him. He established the "Sentinel" soon after the organization of the county. As the reader will remember he went to Ione with E. C. Webster to publish a newspaper in which they were successful financially.

He died many years ago as the result of exposure while making a business trip in his section of that state.

Bruce Husband was Justice of the Peace here in 1854 and later. From here he secured a position in the State Library at Sacramento and died in that city.

A. A. Humphreys was a stage line proprietor, but left here very early and traveled to the West.

W. D. Stidham was agent for Adam's Express Co. at Jackson. He went East and after returning here again made his residence in San Francisco. He was who married Miss Mann, a step-daughter of Wm. L. McKim.

Eric Rossander mined on Stony Creek most of the time for a year or more and then left this section of the State.

On Monday, May 1, 1854, a second election for town officers was held at Wm. L. C. Brown. E. H. Williams, Ellis Evans, T. Hinckley and Hiram Allen were elected trustees; Armstrong Askey was elected assessor; Leon Sompayrac was elected treasurer and Joseph Winn was elected marshal. Those who did not figure in the election of 1853 were T. Hinckley, Hiram Allen and Armstrong Askey. At that time Mr. Hinckley was the proprietor of a "pop" factory and his product did much to alleviate the burning sensation of pioneer whiskey among the drinking people of Jackson. He went East and made his fortune here with his wife, Mrs. Hinckley died many years ago. Their only child is the wife of George A. Gordon, County Superintendent of Schools of Amador County. Mr. Hinckley died here at his own property a few years ago.

Hiram Allen was a miner and came here with his wife and her sister, who afterwards became the wife of Wm. Jennings. Mr. and Mrs. Allen left Amador county and went to Lake county early in the sixties. He died about twenty years ago, leaving a surviving widow and two daughters who are still living in Lake county.

Armstrong Askey was a trader and made a speciality of driving to Sacramento and purchasing loads of goods which he sold to the miners. He was also interested in mining until he became the store and hotel business. Mr. Askey at times, for a few years, held positions in the State wharfingers office in San Francisco, but excepting those in the early part of 1855 he remained at the hotel in 1850. He died at the hotel in 1854 and left as his surviving widow a daughter of Judge A. C. Brown, who lives in San Jose. Mr. Askey was a joker of the most pronounced type. No chance for a good joke or a good story on his friends ever escaped him. More than one of his guests at the hotel have fished for salmon in the creek back of the hotel, while many a story of his friends told by him has been published half a century in his fertile imagination. Probably one of the most elaborate stories he ever told was that with which he "filled" a newspaper fellow about Hon. A. Caminetto's wonderful vineyard and winery at the French Gardens, shortly after that gentleman had taken up horticulture and viticulture. He said Caminetto had a pipe line from the ranch to tide water through which he delivered his wine to the casks in the deep sea vessels without handling, and on its way to tide water the wine was taken out and used to operate the miners along the mother lode, the sawmills, the flour mills and the hay presses and threshing machines in the valleys. This is but a sample of many other stories which will be told and retold as long as the youngest lad who knew Armstrong Askey lives.

January 13, 1855, a special election was held to fill vacancies in the Board occasioned by the resignation of Messrs. Hinckley and Allen. John Edwards and Hugh Webb were elected and qualified. John Edwards kept a store here but after a short residence departed going to Santa Barbara county where he died about five years ago. Hugh Webb was one of three brothers who conducted a dairy and butchering business. He left here at an early day and took up a residence in Alameda county.

May 7, 1855, an election of town officers was held and Ellis Evans, Wm. Jennings, A. C. Brown, E. H. Williams

and John Wiley were elected trustees;

Edward Sherry was elected marshal;

Daniel Mauger was elected treasurer;

and A. Askey was elected assessor.

Of these William Jennings, John Wiley, Edward Sherry and Daniel Mauger are new names in the history of the incorporation of Jackson.

William C. Jennings was one of the earliest arrivals here, having come with a party from Ohio. He was in business part of the time at the Hotel de France, a part of the same property in which "Congress" Hall kept a restaurant. In October, 1853, he drove to a buggy out to near where Pine Grove now stands and met the Barton family overland from the East, with whom were Helen and John Barton and their sister, Miss Billie, to whom Mr. Jennings was shortly afterward married.

In 1855 he was Public Administrator of the county and in 1865 and 1866 a member of the Board of Supervisors.

May 10, 1862, he was elected

one of the three members of the Board of Commissioners to build the Amador wagon road for which the county issued \$25,000 in bonds.

From Jackson he went to Willow Springs, purchasing a ranch and station. A few years later he sold the ranch and turned into merchandising business.

He made that place his home afterwards until elected county treasurer in 1866 when he moved to the county seat again, his son George, remaining in Drytown and conducting the business for several years.

He filled the office of treasurer for eight years when he again returned to Drytown, where he still resides, and entered into business. While he was County Treasurer and living in Jackson, Mrs. Jennings died. Three living children remained of the marriage of Pine and Mrs. Coyle of Tacoma. Mr. Jennings is still younger in appearance than many men twenty years his junior and at the present time is at the State Capitol watching the progress of legislation. Being a member of the Board of Town Trustees he was elected clerk of the Board, July 30, 1855, to succeed Charles Boynton, who resigned at the previous meeting on July 23, 1855.

John Wiley was a brother of Hugh Wiley and resided with him in the dairy and butchering business here.

Ten or twelve years ago they were still together in Alameda county.

Edward Sherry was a young man, a New Yorker, who aspired to police duty, and generally made his headquarters in the offices of the constable of Sheriff Phoenix when he pursued the Rancheria Murderers. Some years later he tried to get the nomination for sheriff but failed. He died here in an early day.

Daniel Mauger was a Frenchman and was associated with Amos Barrett.

After the death of the latter and their business trouble, he left Jackson and his subsequent movements seem to have been forgotten by most of those who were familiar with the county in those days.

In 1855 in a suit in the County Court of Nevada, it was decided that the law of 1850, under which the town of Jackson and many other towns was incorporated, was unconstitutional and the intervals until November 19th of that year, when the last meeting was held, the when the last meeting was held. The following year the Supreme Court sustained the decision of the County Court and so far as the future was concerned Jackson was as if it never had been incorporated.

The first assessment of the town was completed by Assessor Williams, and the assessment roll turned over to the Board of Town Trustees, March 8, 1854.

The roll showed the valuation of real estate to be \$85,350; personal property \$43,650; total \$129,000.

The board levied a tax of one-fourth of one per cent on the assessed valuation.

The second assessment of the town was made by Assessor Askey and the roll was turned over to the board at its meeting January 15, 1855. In this the tax of one-fourth of one per cent was levied; producing a revenue of \$26,25.

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## HE WON IN A CANTER.

"LUCKY" BALDWIN MADE HIS JOCKEY RIDE SQUARE.

The Horsemen Used an Argument That Made the Crooked Rider's Teeth Chatter While He Got Out All the Speed in the Animal.

In the lobby of a hotel the other evening a number of men were discussing sports and sporting men when the subject of nerve and grit came up. One of the party, a well known Californian, who knew "Lucky" Baldwin in the old days, said:

"Baldwin was about the hardest man to be ciseled out of anything he set his heart on getting that I ever met up with. A whole lot of people tried to put it on him in business and other sort of deals, but none of these ever succeeded in catching "Lucky" Baldwin sufficiently asleep to make their plans stick.

"Horsemen still talk about a funny game in which Baldwin figured on one of the Chicago race tracks a number of years ago. Baldwin had brought his magnificent string of thoroughbreds to Chicago to make an effort to annex the swell stakes that were then on tap on the tracks in the windy town, and he got them home first or in the money in many of the biggest events. Well, he had one of his finest horses entered in a valuable long distance event, and Baldwin was particularly anxious to win this race, not so much for the purse end of it as for the glory of capturing the stake. His horse just about figured to win, too, and Baldwin intended to 'go down the line' on the animal's chances, not only at the track, but at all of the big poultries in the country. He stood to clean up considerably more than \$100,000 on the horse if the brute got under the wire first. Baldwin's regular stable jockey was taken sick on the morning of the race, and the old man had to hustle around for another boy to ride his horse in the big event. From another horseman he bought for a big round sum the release of a high grade rider, who was to have taken the mount on a thoroughbred that didn't figure to get near the money in the stake race. Baldwin gave the jockey his instructions as to the way he wanted the horse ridden, and then, when the betting opened, his commissioners dumped Baldwin's money into the ring in such large quantities that the horse became an overwhelming favorite.

"A quarter of an hour before the horses were due to go to the post a well known bookmaker, to whom Baldwin had often exhibited kindness in less prosperous days, ran to where the old man was standing, chewing a straw, in his barn.

"Baldwin," said the bookie to the old man, "there's a job to beat you, and you're going to get beat. They wanted me to go in with 'em, but you're always on the level with me, and I wouldn't stand for it. The ring has bought up your jock, and your horse is going to be snatched."

"Much obliged for telling me that," replied the old man. "I'll just make a stab to see that the boy doesn't do any snatching, though."

"Baldwin borrowed another gun from one of his stable hands (in those days he always carried one of his own about as long as your arm), and with his artillery he strolled over the infield and took up his stand by the fence at the turn into the stretch. He hadn't mentioned to anybody what he was going to do, and the folks who saw the old man making for the stretch turn simply thought that Baldwin wanted to watch the race from that point of view. He did, for that matter, but he happened to have another end in view.

"Well, the horses got away from the post in an even bunch, and then Baldwin's horse went out to make the running. The Jockey's idea was to race the horse's head off and then pull him in the stretch, making it appear as if the animal had tired. Baldwin had instructed the jockey to play a waiting game and make his bid toward the finish. The horse simply outclassed his company, however, and he didn't show any indications of leg weariness whatever as he rounded the backstretch on the rail a couple of lengths in front of his field. Baldwin could see, however, that the crooked jock was sawing the horse's head off in his effort to take him back to the ruck. When the horses were still a hundred feet from him, Baldwin let out a yell to attract his jockey's attention, and then he flashed his two guns in the sunlight and bawled at the jock:

"Leggo that horse's head, you monkey devil, and go on and win or I'll shoot you so full of holes that you won't hold molasses!"

"The jock gave one look at those two guns that Baldwin was pointing straight at him. Then he gave Baldwin's horse his head, sat down to ride for all that was in him, and the horse under him cantered in ten lengths to the good on the bit. As long as "Lucky" Baldwin was on the eastern turf after that no jockey ever tried to yank one of his horses."—Washington Post.

**The Porter's Lucky Day.**

"We were traveling from El Paso to the coast," said the advance man of a theatrical combination, "and the porter had tucked us snugly in our berths, when we were awakened to the consciousness that our train was 'held up.' The robbers marched us out of the car and made us deliver. Fortunately not one of us had more than a few dollars in cash. But the man who held up the car porter gave a yelp of delight: 'See what I've found! Put 'em back! Start the train!'

"The carefree porter's vest pocket he had discovered a roll of bills as big as the pocket would hold. It looked as if there must have been several hundred dollars. We all knew of the profiteable rapaciousness of the Pullman car porter, but never dreamed that his accumulations were so large. Yet the friendly human spark of forgiveness and sympathy was in our hearts for the poor fellow losing so much at one fell swoop. We were gathered in the smoking compartment and had a consolation purse under advisement for the darky, when he came along himself."

"Mah Lawd, dat was the luckiest sperlence I done ever had," he said, chuckling all over.

"Lucky!"

We were astonished. A poor servant robbed of hundreds chuckling with glee!

"Deed, yes, gem'men! Dey never took but jis' in only one of my pockets!"—New York Times.

A physician says one should never do any work before breakfast. Some day science will recognize the great truth that working between meals is what is killing off the race.—Minneapolis Times.

**The Discovery of Iron.**

Teacher—Sammy, do you tell me where and how iron was first discovered?

Sammy—I can't tell you just where, sir, but I think I know how it was discovered.

Teacher—Well, Sammy, what is your information on that point?

Sammy—I heard pa say the other day that they smelt it.

**The Happy Ass.**

The chief beauty of the following poem is that it is both rhyme and blank verse—rhyme according to the spelling and blank verse according to the pronunciation:

Through twilight's gold I heard the wild ass bray  
And the lion roar, and the bear roar, the wolf,  
While he well knew that for joy he should  
Cavort in glee, kicked up the mossy mound,  
Once more let off the everlasting mow.  
With the rest of the herd, two lions and cubs  
Unto them, too, oped wide their safety valves  
And fled like me, and I flew like the wolf  
Or even the hit ball in the game of golf.

—K. Munkittrick is Smart Set.

**Part of It.**

"Yes, sir; we have 200 deaf and dumb inmates on the roll of the institution, and fully 100 of them are voters."

"Indeed? This must be a part of the silent vote to which reference is so frequently made in the daily papers?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There are certain flowers the perfume of which is produced by microbes.

A book published in Japan 1,000 years ago notes that at that time good silk was already produced in 25 provinces of that country.

A physician says one should never do any work before breakfast. Some day science will recognize the great truth that working between meals is what is killing off the race.—Minneapolis Times.

**Vibration.**

"Vibration is the great bugbear of this business," said one of the best informed stationary engineers in New Orleans. "It is governed by fixed laws, of course, but they are so subtle and intricate that it is next to impossible to master them. They have a most important bearing, however, on the life of machinery. I have known valuable engines to jar themselves literally to pieces for no apparent cause. Some slight error in adjustment had set up a vibration that was communicated from part to part, like a contagious disease, until the whole plant was affected."

"A steady tremor of that kind will not only wear out the parts, but it causes what we call 'structural changes' in the metal itself. Wrought steel will gradually lose its toughness and elasticity and become as brittle as cast iron. When it is fractured, the interior will have a strange, granulated appearance, and the worst of it is that the alteration may be going on for months without the knowledge of the most careful engineer alive. That is the secret of the breaking of a great many propeller shafts at sea."

"There are different ways of stopping vibrations, and one of the most curious is to set up a counter tremor in the opposite direction. One neutralizes the other."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Among the Advantages.**

A pretty, lighthearted girl engaged herself to a young tradesman and never wavered in her determination to marry him despite the gloomy forecasts of her friends, who predicted lifelong misery for her.

"My child, do as advised," urged one of these well meaning ladies, calling to see the radiant bride on the eve of the wedding. "I am an older woman than you and have seen more of the world, and it always makes me sad to hear of a nice girl marrying beneath her station. It is social suicide."

"Then from a social standpoint consider me dead," smiled the light hearted girl, "for I shall certainly marry Tom tomorrow. We reckoned up the situation long ago and found a whole host of advantages, but not a solitary thing could we discover to place on the disadvantage side."

"Then you couldn't have searched very far, my dear," said her counselor. "I take my own case. Much as I love you, I shall be unable to visit you when you are married. Have you bargained for that?"

The bride blushed.

"Oh, yes, indeed," she answered hastily. "We put that down first of all."—London Telegraph.

**Charmed the Beast.**

"Look at this handkerchief," said a young society man to his professional friend who has an office in the Porter building. "That bit of lace and ruffle worth its weight in gold to me."

"Some connection with old associations—a mere sentiment, I suppose," suggested the professional man.

"Nothing of the kind. From a practical standpoint it is just as valuable as I describe it to be. A sentiment enters into the case, however."

"Well, tell us about it."

"The handkerchief, then, is the token by which I am permitted to enter the house where my sweetheart lives. Without it I should be torn to pieces by a huge bulldog there. The beast is as ferocious as a tiger. During the day he is kept in chains, but after six o'clock in the evening his mistress releases him in the yard. No stranger has taken place, until today the bulldog has fallen more like its original form, but clearly shows the effects of the wearing of the waters.

Many people fail to see how the falls wear the rock away, and this is a little mystery until the exact conditions are realized. The ledge of rock over which the water of both the American and Horseshoe falls flows is of hard limestone. It is all of 60 feet thick and naturally very heavy. Underneath this ledge of limestone there are the shales of the Niagara locality. This soft rock is many feet thick. The rock of the Horseshoe fall is unprotected and as the water falls over the precipice and bolts in the river below it washes away the soft shale beneath the limestone, so that the limestone is left in shelflike form, projecting far out into the gorge. Observant visitors to the falls have no doubt noticed this condition.

In the course of time the shale foundation of the limestone ledge is excavated to such a point that the unsupported ledge breaks away by its own weight, and the crest line of the Horseshoe fall was so named because years ago it was identical with a horseshoe in shape. A few years ago a V shaped break occurred toward the New York side, and since then other changes have taken place, until today the Horseshoe fall is more like its original form, but clearly shows the effects of the wearing of the waters.

The Prenche Was Glad She Wore.

The daughter of a well known clergyman in Washington had a severe attack of scarlet fever when she was 3 years old which resulted in deafness. Up to that time she had been a regular little chatterbox, doing her infant best to carry out the proverbial:

Being a woman, she'll talk forever!

Upon her recovery her parents were nearly heartbroken to find that she had not only lost her hearing but the power of speech as well. Whether she had really forgotten how to talk or whether it was obstinacy or lack of confidence they could not determine, but despite all efforts of the best tutors the child remained a mute.

"Hear us, Baal; hear us, mighty god!" the male voices were booming upon her sonorously, when Danrosch cried out, as is his wont: "No, no! Not that! Not that dreadful howl! Don't say 'Ba-a-a!' Soften a little. Give a more musical sound to the words. Say 'Baal'."

"Whereupon," he says, "the Orangeites took up the strain again:

"Hear us, Bawl! Hear us Bawl! Hear us, mighty god!"

"They quickly realized the peculiar fitness of the sentiment and broke down in laughter."

**Rarity of a Dread of Death.**

Sir Lyon Playfair, who represented the University of Edinburgh for 17 years, naturally came in contact with the most eminent men of England, and he put this question to most of them,

"Did you in your extensive practice ever know a patient who was afraid to die?" With two exceptions, it seems, they answered "No." One of these exceptions was Sir Benjamin Brodie, who said he had seen one case. The other was Sir Robert Christison, who had seen one case, that of a girl of bad character who had a sudden accident—Heath.

**The Discovery of Iron.**

"We were traveling from El Paso to the coast," said the advance man of a theatrical combination, "and the porter had tucked us snugly in our berths, when we were awakened to the consciousness that our train was 'held up.'

The robbers marched us out of the car and made us deliver. Fortunately not one of us had more than a few dollars in cash. But the man who held up the car porter gave a yelp of delight: 'See what I've found! Put 'em back! Start the train!'

**The Porter's Lucky Day.**

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"The carefree porter's vest pocket he had discovered a roll of bills as big as the pocket would hold. It looked as if there must have been several hundred dollars. We all knew of the profiteable rapaciousness of the Pullman car porter, but never dreamed that his accumulations were so large. Yet the friendly human spark of forgiveness and sympathy was in our hearts for the poor fellow losing so much at one fell swoop. We were gathered in the smoking compartment and had a consolation purse under advisement for the darky, when he came along himself."

"Mah Lawd, dat was the luckiest sperlence I done ever had," he said, chuckling all over.

"Lucky!"

We were astonished. A poor servant robbed of hundreds chuckling with glee!

"Deed, yes, gem'men! Dey never took but jis' in only one of my pockets!"—New York Times.

A physician says one should never do any work before breakfast. Some day science will recognize the great truth that working between meals is what is killing off the race.—Minneapolis Times.

**Part of It.**

"Yes, sir; we have 200 deaf and dumb inmates on the roll of the institution, and fully 100 of them are voters."

"Indeed? This must be a part of the silent vote to which reference is so frequently made in the daily papers?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There are certain flowers the perfume of which is produced by microbes.

A book published in Japan 1,000 years ago notes that at that time good silk was already produced in 25 provinces of that country.

**The Happy Ass.**

The chief beauty of the following poem is that it is both rhyme and blank verse—rhyme according to the spelling and blank verse according to the pronunciation:

Through twilight's gold I heard the wild ass bray  
And the lion roar, and the bear roar, the wolf,  
While he well knew that for joy he should  
Cavort in glee, kicked up the mossy mound,  
Once more let off the everlasting mow.  
With the rest of the herd, two lions and cubs  
Unto them, too, oped wide their safety valves  
And fled like me, and I fled like the wolf  
Or even the hit ball in the game of golf.

—K. Munkittrick is Smart Set.

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